The Human Electrical Forces!

How They Control the Organs of the Body.

The electrical force of the human body, as The electrical force of the human body, as the nerve fluid may be termed, is an especially attractive department of science, as it exerts so marked an influence on the health of the organs of the body. Nerve force is produced by the brain and conveyed by means of the nerves to the various organs of the body, thus supplying the latter with the vitality necessary to insure their health. The pneumognatric nerve, as shown here, may be said to be the most important of the outire nerve system, as it supplies the heart, slungs, stomach, bowels, etc., with the perre force necessary to

horeis, setc., with the serve force secessary to keep them active and healthy. As will be seen by the cut the long nerve descending from the base of the brain and terminating in the bowels is the pneumogastric, while the numerous little branches supply the leart, lungs and stomach with necessary vitality. When the brain becomes in any way disordered by irritability or exhaustion, the nerve force which it supplies is lessened, and the organs receiving the diminished supply are consequently weakened. "Physicians generally

minished supply are consequently weakened.

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Time for Holding Services by the Several Churches. EVANGELICAL.—Church 12:30 a. m., 7 p. m Suaisay School 2 a. m., Prayer Meeting Wetnesday, 7 p. m. Brv. Guzen Pas-

SBYTERIAN.-Churchio:30 a. m. 7 p.m. Sanday School 12 m., Prayer Meeting, Thursday, 7 p. m. Unv. M. L. DONAHEY, Pas-

tor.

T. AUGUSTINE.—Mass S a. m., High Mass 10 a. m., Vespers Jp. m. Rev.M. Puerz, Pastor.

MSTHODIST.—Churchio: 30 a. m., 7p. m., Sabbath School 9: 15 a. m., Young People's Meeting 5:00 p. m., Epworth League Meeting, Wednesday, 7p. m., Prayer Vesting Thursday, 7p. m. Rev. I. N. Kals., Pastor.

PAUL'S LUTHERAN.—Church 1:20 p. m., (or 10 a. m., as nonounced pravious Sanday) Sunday School 9 a. m. Rev. W. L. France, Pastor.

JOHNS LUTHERAN.—In Freedom Twp.,

JOHNS LUTHERAN.—In Freedom Two., Church 10 a.m. REV. W. L. FIRITER, PARLOT., E MANUAL'S LUTHERAN.—Church 2:30 p. m. Sunday ishool10 s. m. REV. L. DAMMONN Pastor.

UNITED BRETHREN.—McClure; church 10 s m., every other funday, beginning Januar; 18, 1891. Subhath school 9:30 s. m. Prayes meeting Tuursdays, 7 p. m. Bay. John Subladen, Pas-

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Теспануот	J. C. Groll
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T.F. Anthony, Ex-Postmaster of Promise O y, Iowa, says: "I bought one botthe of 'Mystic Cure' for Rheumstism and ing was certainly a very painful one for two doses of it did me more good than all the poor girl who had been taught in two doses of it did me more good than all the medicine I ever took." Sold by D. J. Mumphrey, Druggist, Napoleon.

Pitcher's Castoria.



CHAPTER X. MR. DYE.

the thickening ice unseen, and the win-ter wore on. Maxey's new pupil was making much progress. The same was woman. Still the worst was over, and true, in another sense, of Maxey him- he could only proceed. self. Sometimes in the interest and preoccupation of their mutual labors their heads would get very close together. was mean This was so entirely accidental and unpremeditated an occurrence that the fact that a sudden interruption at such times started a blush into the faces of each seems strange and unaccountable. But at his former daughter, nor did he do so it was unquestionably the fact. A knock now. He made his answer in the most at the outer door one afternoon was attended by this result. They had been

bending over a sketch by a window in the rear room, and both became suddenly conscious that they were betraying unwonted confusion. Maxey was so painfully aware of his own betrayal of entiment that he was very glad of the opportunity offered to conceal it by anwering the summons at the door. He stepped into the vestibule and

partly closed the entrance to the rear chamber before he looked into the outer corridor. Two men stood by the stair railing. When he saw them, the artist's heart gave a great bound. One man he knew by sight; the other he knew by intuition. The foremost man was the sly landlord of 40 Flood street. The other, who remained a little in the rear, was a curious specimen of humanity. He appeared to be between 40 and 50 years of age. His face was smooth, his skin very pale and sallow. His cheeks sank into two cavernous hollows. His hair was long and of an obstinate straightness. It buried his ears and swept his coat collar. In perfect keeping with the rest of his appearance, his eyes looked as though they might have been of a definite color in his boyhood, but had faded out from long usage. So did his hat, his coat and what was visible of the remainder of his habit. There were a telltale glossiness and a woebegone threadbareness about them all. If there was a forlorn and utterly cast down atmosphere surrounding his face, this was equally true of his hat Pastor.

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN. — Napoleon Twp. Church 10 a. m. Rev. L. Dammoss, Pastor.

UNITED BRETHREN.—South Napoleon; church every week, 10:30 a. m. and in the evenifigat 7:30. Praver mosting Thursday 7 p. m. Rev. I. D. Isone, Pastor. the only possible excuse for having taken so much pains about the matter seemed to be to allow the observer a chance to amuse himself with a speculation as to which of the two was the fact. And with all this there were hard

lines in the man's face which spoke of unhappiness, even perhaps despair. Mr. Belfry bowed as soon as the door was opened. With a placid wink, of which his companion was blissfully un-conscious, he said:

"I believe you was the man, sir, that wanted a man to write letters for you?" "I believe I was," returned the artist. "And if you have found me the person I want I shall be greatly obliged to you. Let the gentleman come in. Perhaps you wouldn't mind yourself taking

seat in the vestibule?" The hireling gave Maxey a sly look and a profound bow. He motioned his companion forward, and when the door was closed immediately turned the key in the lock, drew a chair up against it and sat calmly down with his back to it.

The faded and forlorn individual did not notice this action, as it was done behind him. He had come into the hall, had removed his hat and was bestowing one or two smoothing touches upon his obstinate hair, eying Maxey rather steadily the while.

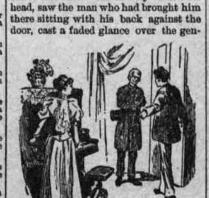
"You did not mention the gentleman's name, " said the artist "His name is Dye," returned the sly Belfry.

At this the lips of the stranger unclosed to give slow and distinct utterance, in a dull, somber voice, to the corroborative statement.

"Mr. Leander Dye, sir." "Dye? Dye? Rather an odd name, that. But I think I have heard it before. I think I have. Come in, Mr. Dye, come in. I have recently taken it upon myself

to become the protector and guardian of a certain young person to whom I shall take great pleasure in introducing you.' Maxey threw open the door communiating with the rear room and stepped in. The next instant the young woman

and the man confronted each other. The meeting affected them differently. Annette was so overcome that she was obliged to cling to the piano for support. Mr. Dye, even under the shock of the first meeting, did not start, nor was anything added to the natural pallor of his countenance. He merely turned his



Maxey threw open the door.

eral situation, including the resolute artist standing before him, folded his arms across his breast in a manner that would have been dignified but for the inconvenient necessity of retaining his hold on the forlorn hat and made the remark as if he were announcing the most casual thing in the world:

"You have set a trap for ma." Maxey was somewhat astonished at is coolness, though he thought his attitude a little theatrical. However it might have been for Mr. Dye, the meet-

Children Cry for

her early years to call him tather. Her bosom rose and fell. She becam white that Maxey began to regret hav-The tide flowed back and forth beneath | ing subjected her to the shock. In his

"I suppose you won't deny that you know this lady?" he said in a voice that was meant to be very uncompromising

"Sir, it would be utterly useless fo me to deny anything.'

Mr. Dye had not cast a second glance grave, even dignified tones. He punctu ated perfectly. There was a little pause after the "sir" and a full stop at the "anything." This calmness, which might be either the calmness of determination or of despair, rather discon-certed the artist. He had often imagined himself the central figure in such an interview, but he had never dreamed of a nan like Mr. Dye.

"Nevertheless I will break his guard he thought.

After a minute's silence Mr. Dye went on in the same measured tones in which self consciousness and hopeless ness were strangely intermingled.

"Touching the lady now under your charge, whom I once disgraced in permitting to be known by a name by no means a synonym for integrity and uprightness, I do not hesitate to say that I am exceedingly well rejoiced at seeing her in such apparently excellent health. She is a good girl, sir; she is everything the term implies, and yet, sir, you must be aware of the almost painful relations that exist between us, and being aware of them and of the fact that they are so strong that she left my house voluntarily, for the avowed reason that a longer life with so uncongenial a person as my-self was unbearable, you can scarcely be surprised that our meeting is not more mutually pleasurable and cordial."

Mr. Dye occasionally hesitated an instant for a word, but generally his dull, somber voice flowed on, measurably and uninterruptedly, as if he were delivering himself of a speech that was quite familiar to him. His dignified bearing was in such marked contrast to pervaded him as to be almost painfully ludicrous. Maxey gazed at him steadily and said: "You don't know where she went

when she left your house?"

"Sir, she never made a confidant of Do not misunderstand me. I am not reproaching her. I was utterly unfit for and unworthy of her confidence. I always avoided her, as the bad instinctively avoid the good. She was right to gruous and artificial coming from me, but even at the risk of seeming inconwish to prolong an interview that is manifestly so painful to her—that I am heartily, devoutly, sincerely sorry that fate ever threw her into the way of such as bright and unclouded as her past was speak, he exclaime .: dark and unfortunate."

Despite the theatrical ring of the sepulchral voice there was a tone of sincerity and candor about the last few words that made an impression, even against his will, upon the artist. The tears came into Annette's eyes. Timidly and tremblingly she approached Mr.

Dye and held out her small white hand.
"Mr. —no, father," she faltered,
"please do not think I was ungrateful. You will forgive me for what I said about my parentage when I was angry. If you have done right, it was cruel. If you have not, it is a matter for your own soul. I shall never forget that it was your roof that sheltered me when I had no other. Believe me, I did not run away from you. I met with-a terrible

Mr. Dye did not look at her, but he anfolded his arms to take her hand, which he keld as lightly as possible and dropped at the first opportunity. Maxey, who was watching him closely, was

startled to see in his face a momentary betrayal of sentiment. There was no doubt about it. Mr. Dye's dim eyes watered, and the corners of his gloomy mouth twitched. The tone in which he at last replied was very different from the one in which he had previously

"If I said God bless you, it would be mummery. The blessing of a man like me is a poor legacy, but I should like to say something to show you that I am really sorry for the part I have played in your life. You always were a good girl and did your best to please me. I am not your father. I could not feel toward you as a father ought perhaps, but I was not insensible of your virtues. I never was more pleased in my life than when I heard''— He seemed to think himself in danger of committing himself here, for he hesitated and finally substituted -"when you just now told me that you had escaped a terrible accident. Goodby,

Annette went out, sobbing. When the door had closed behind her, Maxey mentally braced himself for a desperate contest. Unfortunately for him, at the very outset of the battle he felt a distrust of himself and a dread of the superior

strength of his adversary.

Acting upon the theory that Mr. Dye had some knowledge of the crime on the sea road, he had prepared a terrible sur-prise for him. He had caused it to be understood that the victim of that crime had died in consequence and then sud-denly confronted him with her. He had congratulated himself beforehand on the effect of this trying situation, but Mr. Dye had scarcely expressed more surprise than if it had been the most ordinary occurrence of daily life.

Maxey spoke up sharply:
"Now to the business which I have to transact with you. There is no need of your standing, sir. Sit down."
"Sir. I was standing here." said Mr.

Dye, thoronighty recovered from his recent momentary weakness, "atterly at a nose to determine w.f.t.count by the marvelous nature of the circumstances that could influence such a gentleman as yourself to take the pains to enter into a not very reputable subterfuge to in-duce so humble an individual as myself to come to your bouse, when a simple written request left at my lodgings would have been sufficient. Men do not take such pains—my long experience with human nature leads me to say it men do not take such pains without an adequate motive.

Mr. Dye said all this not as though he had any real curiosity. In fact, there was such a somber, graveyard atmos phere about his voice and manner tha the hearer was involuntarily impressed with the belief that he had reached a stage of mental depression where it was no longer possible to harbor a lively interest in any affair of life.

"We will not discuss that now," said Maxey. "There are some matters which you must explain to my satisfaction before I shall feel overwhelmed with a sense of my own meanness. If you will sit down, it will be more comfortable for you, as it may prove to be a some what lengthy session."
"Sir, it is immaterial to me."

Having said this with a sign that eemed to leave no matter of doubt that spoke the truth, Mr. Dye accepted the proffered chair. He deposited his woebegone hat upon the center table with as much care as if it had been the most valuable thing in the world, folded his arms and fixed his faded glance upon the ruffled fur surface before him. Maxey seated himself opposite where he

could watch him narrowly.
"You understand me, I hope, sir?must be explained, if not to me now, to the proper authorities at some other time. I have not employed the police so far in this matter for reasons of my own. The police unfortunately includes the press. My family affairs have enjoyed all the publicity I care for of late, but if necessary I have fully made up my mind to sacrifice my own feelings in this regard. I must inform you at once that the police would be very glad to know where to find you, and it remains for you to say whether you shall let them know it in person or go from here

Maxey had been awake nights plan ning his procedure at this interview. At this point in the case he had always pictured the trembling villain as turning pale and saying, "Oh, Mr. Maxey, do not deliver me to the police, and I will tell you everything!" but in reality the presumable villain opened his un-blanched lips to say in an entirely steady

"Sir, you see here a man who for years

and years has been struggling in the face of great and insurmountable odds, and who has made a failure of the struggle. I do not know what you mean, but you the dominant air of faded gentility that evidently desire to institute legal proceedings of some nature against me. You have my full and free permission so o do. If I am accused of anything, I care not what in the category of crimes, from petty larcony to murder, I shall not take the trouble to deny it. When this man brought me to your door, I was wondering if it were possible for Providence so far to have relented toward me as to be opening for me a means of honest and manly employment. I came here as a go. I entered only a feeble protest. I last effort in that direction. With the am aware, sir, that it may seem inconshall never try it again. No, sir. Do what you please with me. I will employ gruous and artificial I desire to say in no counsel. I will make no defense. The taking my farewell of the young lady ander your charge—for you can scarcely of my life, the manner of my death, is a atter of total indiffe

The voice had still its theatrical ring, but underneath it all there was a grim ness and a sincerity that carried with it a worthless mortal as myself, and that the conviction that he meant what he I earnestly hope that her future may be said. When the amazed Maxey could

"So you confess your share in the crime without equivocation?"

"Sir, I can only confess the truth, but as I am not a man of veracity that would have little weight. If you have any evidence at all of any wrong dealing on my part, an ignorant and uncultivated jury would undoubtedly do your work and convict me of anything. I look like

villain. I have all the suspicious and anexplainable habits of a villain. Twelve average men would say at once: 'He is a villain. Let us punish him.'" "And you haven't a shadow of a sus-

picion of what you would be accused?" "Sir, of what use is it to question me? If I say no, you will not believe me. If say yes, I should only lay myself open to further questions, which it would be impossible for me to answer, and then you would not believe me. In any case should be a liar and an equivocator in your eyes. The shortest way is to call the police at once. Sir, I have used alcohol very freely of late years, and it has partially succeeded in achieving the result to secure which I learned to like it—in blunting my senses and brutaliz-ing my intellect, but I have yet remaining to me, I think I may say without exaggeration, sufficient penetration and sagacity to understand that a gentleman like yourself does not take such pains to become possessed of the person of a so-cial outcast like myself unless he believes such a step of supreme importance. Doubtless you have your theo-

"Doubtless I have. You have parried my question very ingeniously, Mr. Dye. Let me see what you will say to the next. You spoke of the truth in the matter. What is the truth?"

"Sir, I will answer you unreservedly. I connect my presence here, not without some degree of naturalness, you must admit, to the interest you take in the young lady whom I have reared as my

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actual service; one that will give you the benefit of

ster. While I can have no idea of what your suspicions are or of what you would convict me, insamuch as you would convict me, inamuch as you speak of the police I infer that it must be something of a criminal mature. The truth in relation to that matter is Anette is sot my child, and I have no claim or authority over her. I never even legally adopted her. If she has borne my name, it was because my late wife wished it for the child's own sake. the believed that it would be humiliating for the child to be brought up in the owledge that she had no name; that she was in truth a waif whose parentage was unknown. I would have given much if the name we gave her had been worth more for her own sake, but it was the best that we could do under the cir-

"Who were Annette's parents?" "God knows."

believe you!"

"Sir, on the contrary, I do not. Netther do I wish to be understood as in-dulging in profane levity. I have the ut-most respect for the Deity. He has, he phrey's Drug Store, Napolcov, Ohio. can have none for me."

Maxey was astounded. It was not alone the coolness of the man, but the sincerity and despair with which he seemed to speak. In spite of himself, the artist began to believe him. For a mo-ment he could not regain courage enough to return to the attack. Mr. Dye lifted his faded eyes inquiringly from the contemplation of his hat.

"You don't believe me?" he said.

"It seems hardly possible."
"Sir, it is the truth. For myself I would not take the trouble to speak. For her sake I will say to you that I take my oath before Almighty God, as I hope for nercy in the world to come, that I do

not know who her parents were."

He said this solemnly and impressively. It produced a profound effect on Maxey, who had never drifted away from the religious teaching of his youth. The name of the Deity was a very solem thing in his eyes. He could not under stand why it should not be in the eyes of all men. Nevertheless he mustered up courage to renew the battle.

"If this be true, why then did you appear so excited on the night when you put this child into your wife's arms? Why did you plead with her so earnestly never to reveal that the child was not your own? Why did you even say that if the truth were known it might bring you to the gallows?" Surprises like this may startle the

calmiess of effrontery, but there are few surprises sufficiently strong to overcome the calmness of despair. Mr. Dye was utterly unmoved. He replied in his somberest tones: "Sir, you must be aware that the

moribund when approaching dissolution enters frequently into a stage of hallu-cination. The mind wanders. If it were worth while to defend myself, I should say that my poor wife was not herself; that she exaggerated."

This was simply unanswerable, and strangely enough it was the first time it had occurred to Maxey. The artist felt the groundwork of his hopes giving way beneath him, but he forced himself to assume a skeptical air and to proceed. "You can tell me, I suppose, how you became possessed of this child'?"

"Sir, I can assuredly." "In the name of goodness, vary your form of address a little," cried Maxey, exasperated by the inevitable prefatory "sir." Mr. Dye looked up with mild surprise in his faded eyes.

'Since it annoys you, sir, I will." "It is unnatural, and you put it on for

"You are a gentleman, sir. I cannot contradict you. Maxey bit his lip.

"It was a dark night, sir," said Mr. Dye, looking as though he were drawing the whole scene out of the ruffled surface of his forlorn hat. "I was coming home from a low resort. I stumbled up my steps unsteadily and fell over a bundle that was lying outside my door. It was little Annette, stupefied by the

"Be kind enough, then, to go on."

effects of some drug which had been given her. I took her in to my wife, and that poor, unfortunate woman who wrecked her life when she married me conceived an affection for her at once. We never had any children. She desired to keep her. I permitted her to do so. That is the whole story. Do not think I wish to be short with you. I will answer any question you think it worth your while to address to me."

"Did you leave the city immediately after you found the child?" "I did."

"Why?" "My business, perhaps it would be franker to say my means of livelihood, necessitated it."

"What has been your means of livelihood?"

"Swindling in all its various forms." Maxey sat staring in bewilderment for some minutes. "By what methods?"

"By the meanest methods. Do you wish me to give a catalogue of my crooked ways? It would no doubt be instructive to you."
"Never mind that," cried Maxey, with

sudden energy. "Answer me this: Were you concerned in the attempt to murder this child Annette?" Mr. Dye sprang to his feet with a force

that overturned his chair and stood with a horrified look fixed full on the artist's face. His lip trembled and his voice faltered when he asked: "Is that-is that your suspicion?"

"I am not here to talk of suspicions I am asking you a plain question, sus-ceptible of a plain answer." Gradually the horrified look faded out

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of his face. The lack laster eves sought

the surface of the hat again. He turned and carefully restored the chair to an up-right position before he replied:
"I would rather, I would much rath-ex, sir, the accusation should come in any other form, but go on, sir, go on even in this. If there has been such an

attempt, arrest me, try me, convict me, hang me. I am utterly unworthy of the least respect, as you realize. A man who would steal would kill. He would shoot down even the young and innocent girl who trusted him. Go on, sir. I shall not DEDONE YOU. **

[CONTINUED.]

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